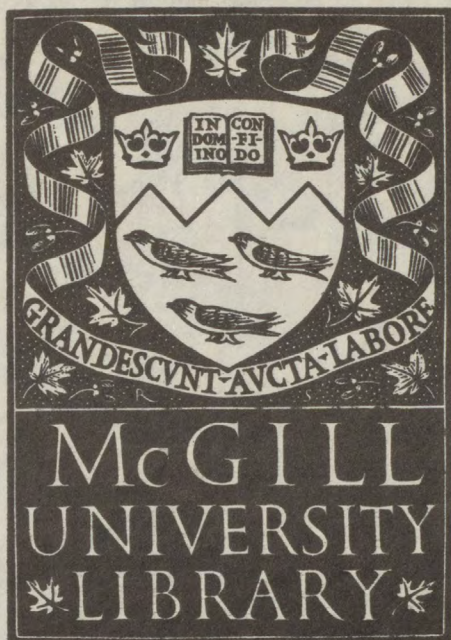


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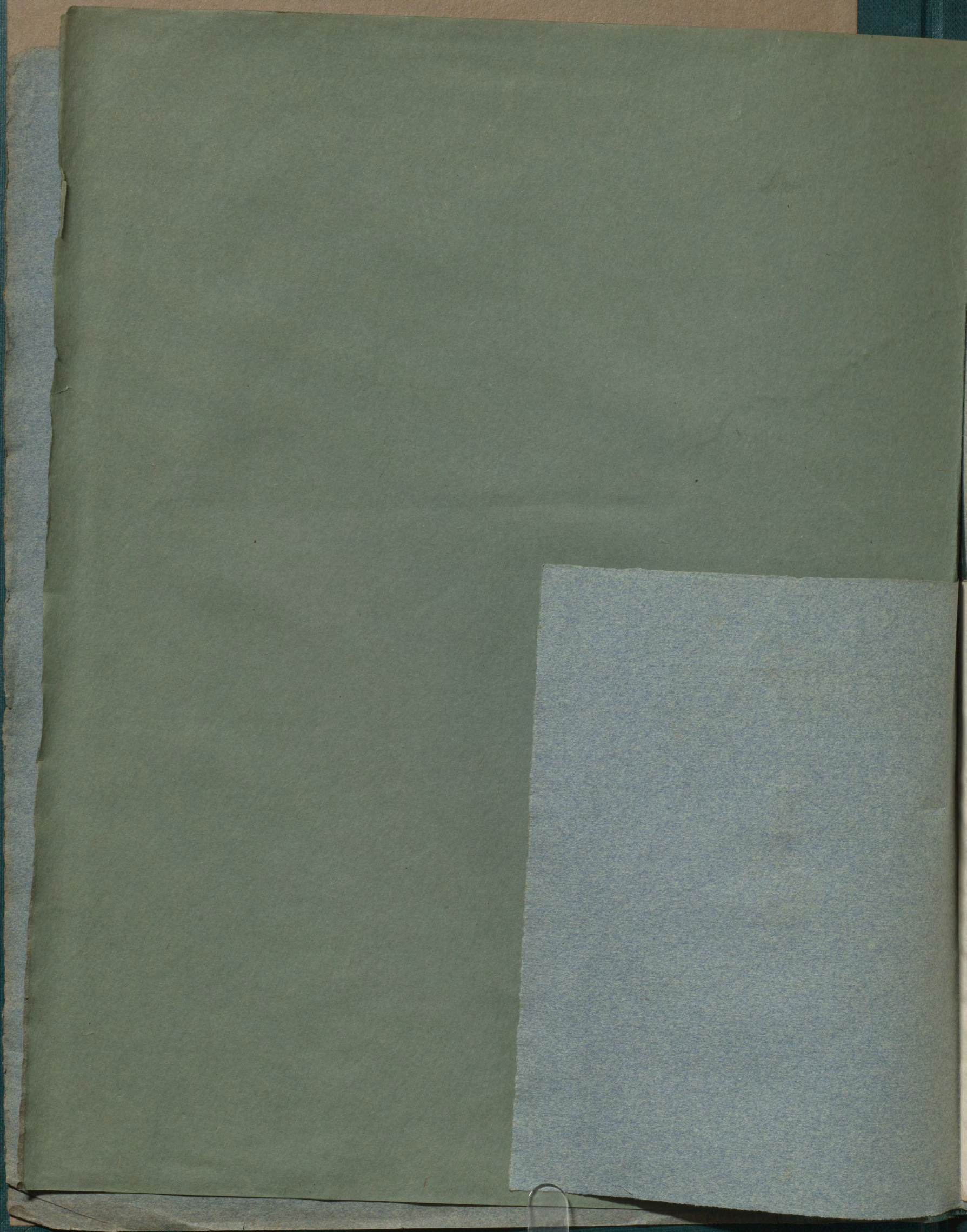
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JULY MDCCCCI

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"A little book of time and verse"
containing verses by HD Webb
150 Copies. Out of print.

THE OLD BALLAD OF THE
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300 Copies on paper at 6 shillings and 5 Copies on Vellum at 25 shillings. Vellum Copies out of print.

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APRIL MDCCCCH

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the producers beg to apologise
for the delay in executing the or-
ders of their supporters. The
work has grown beyond the orig-
inal intention and they trust the
result may furnish their best ex-
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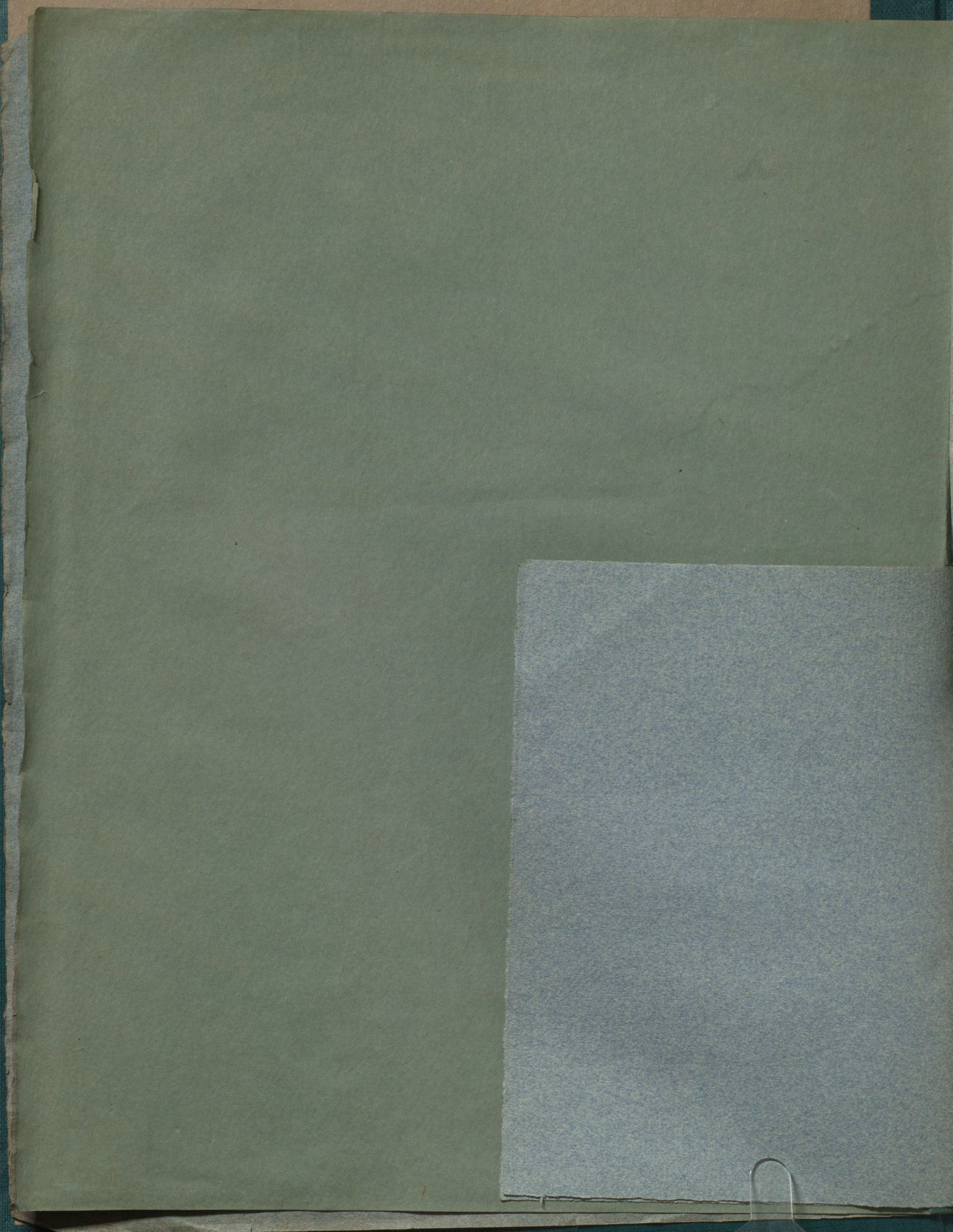
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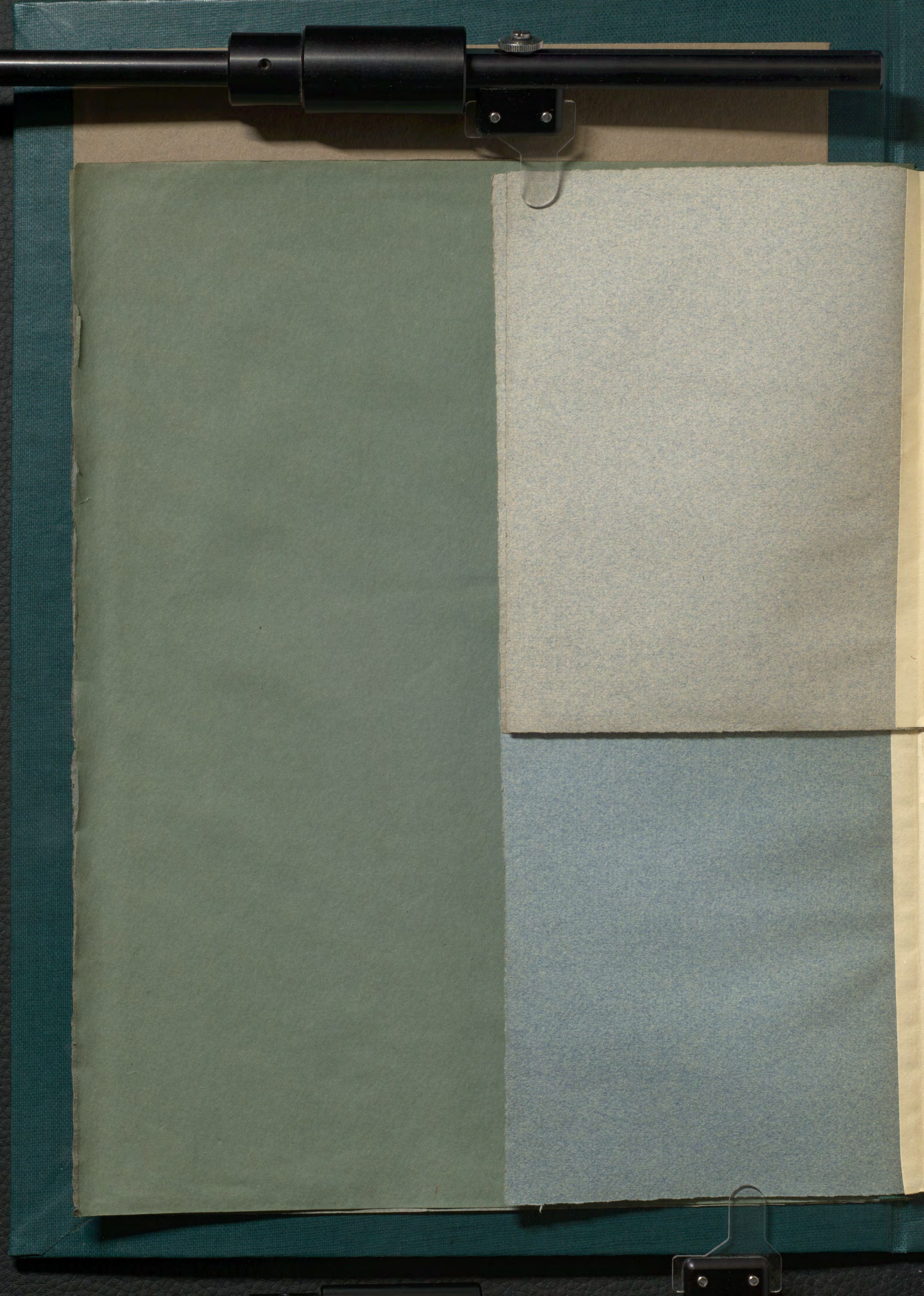
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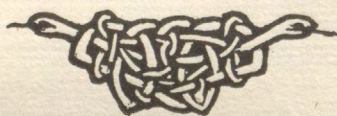
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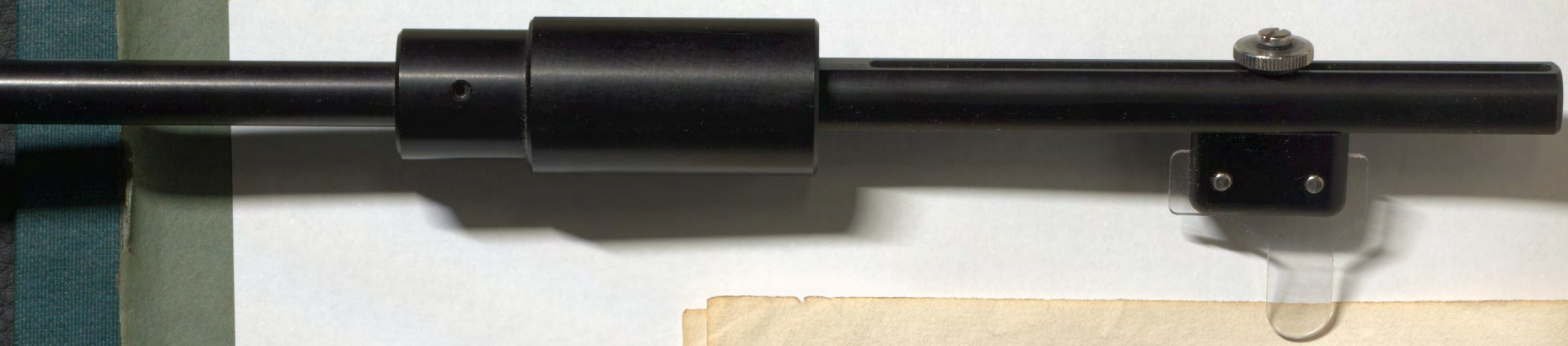
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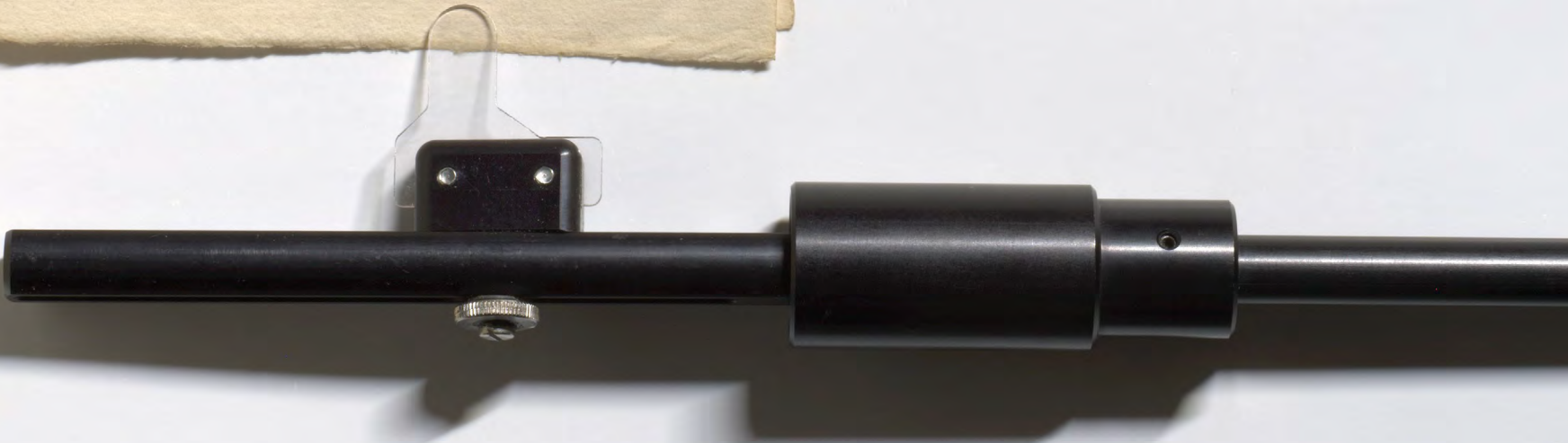
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

CHAPTER I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself much also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement;



in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; for literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be compleatly pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mothers way, she gave us on these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the

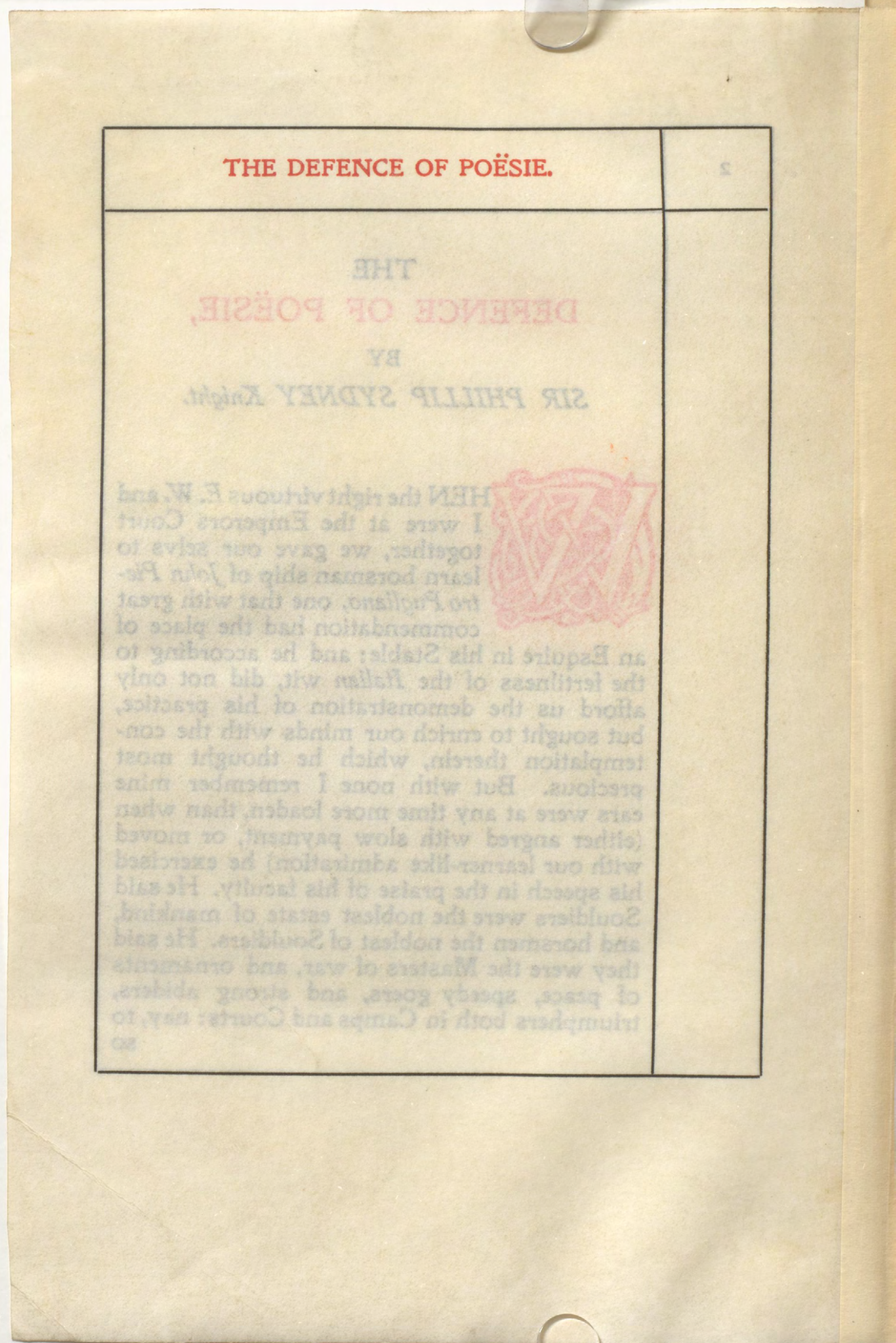
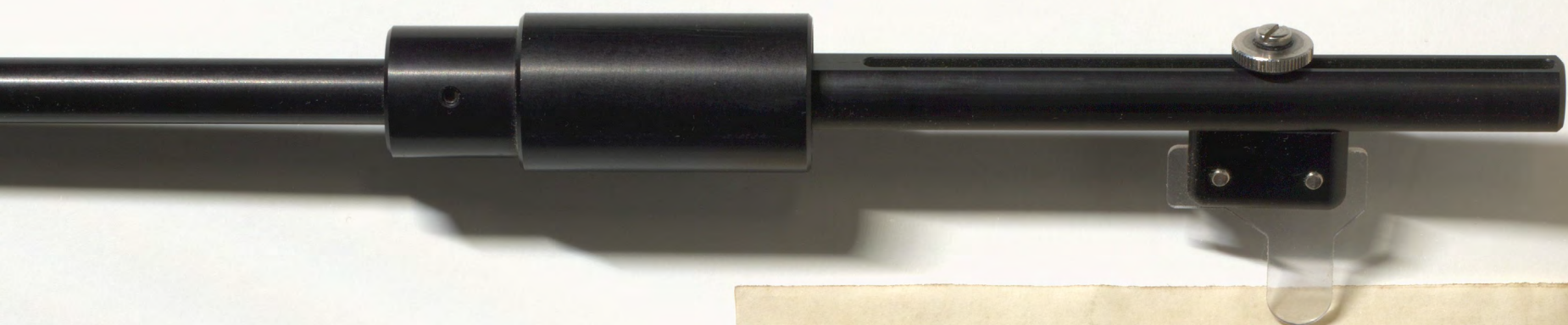
rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute,

THE
DEFENCE OF POËSIE,BY
SIR PHILLIP SYDNEY *Knight.*

WHEN the right virtuous *E. W.* and I were at the Emperors Court together, we gave our selvs to learn horsman ship of *John Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Esquire in his Stable: and he according to the fertillness of the *Italian* wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said Souldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsmen the noblest of Souldiers. He said they were the Masters of war, and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps and Courts: nay, to
so



THE DEFENCE OF POËSIE.

2

THE
DEFENCE OF POËSIE
BY
SIR PHILIP SYDNEY Knight

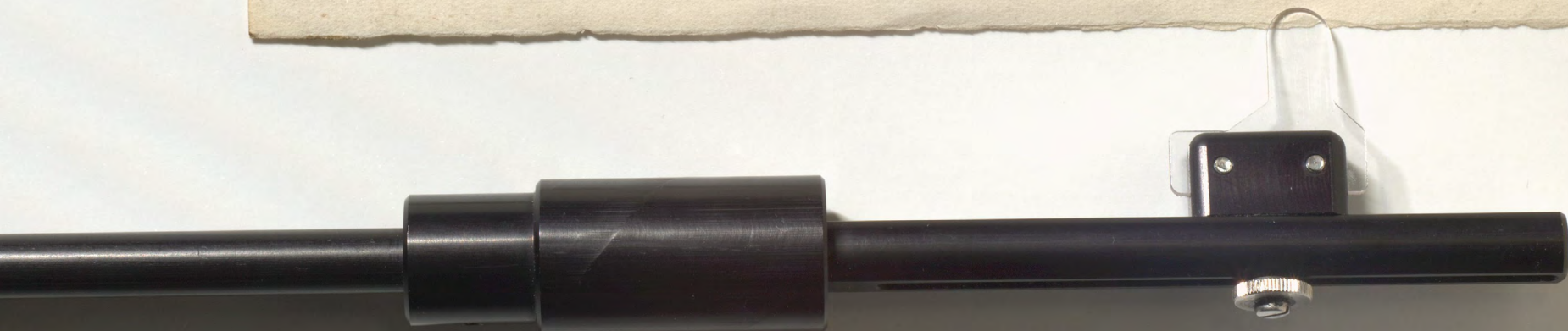
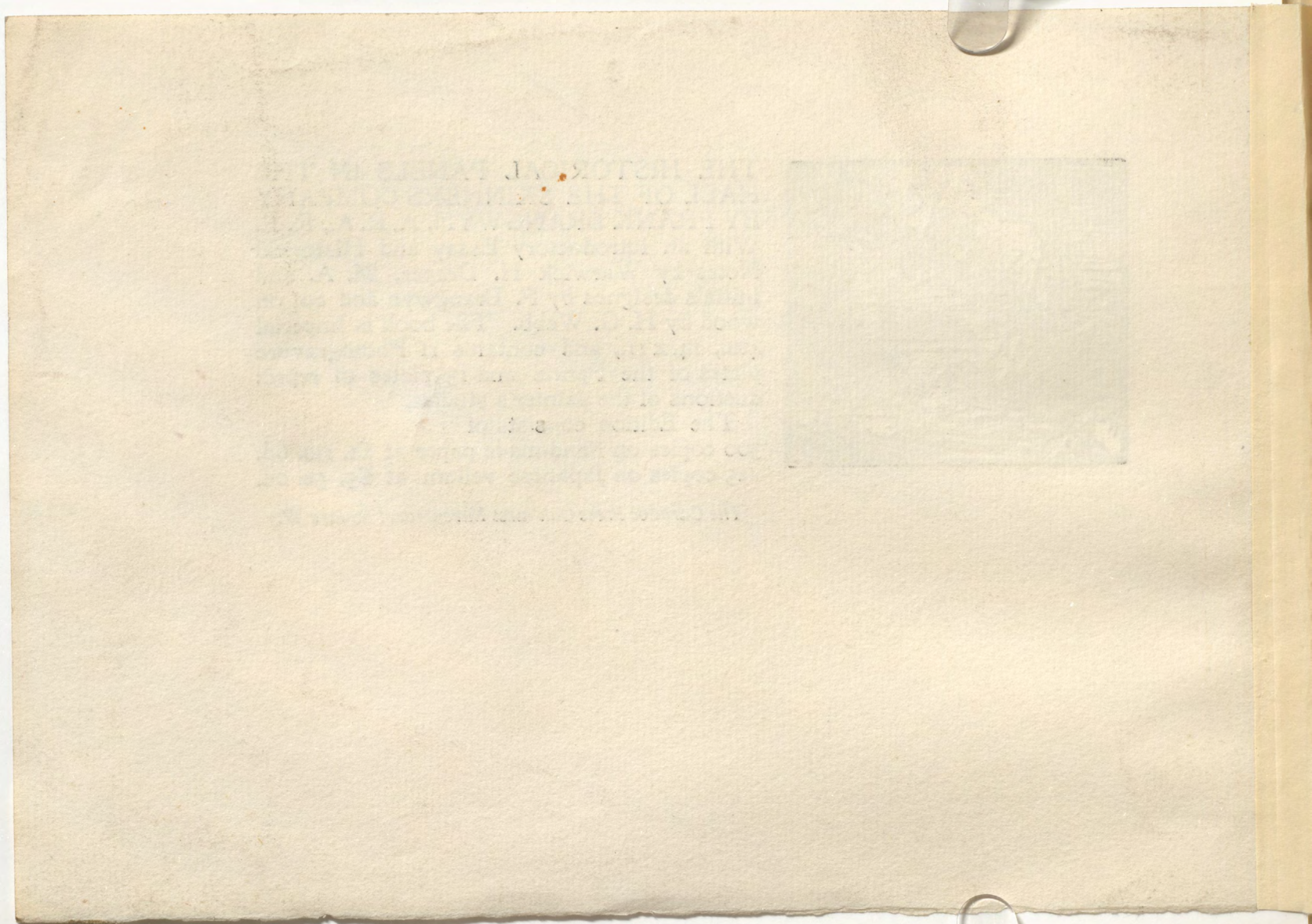
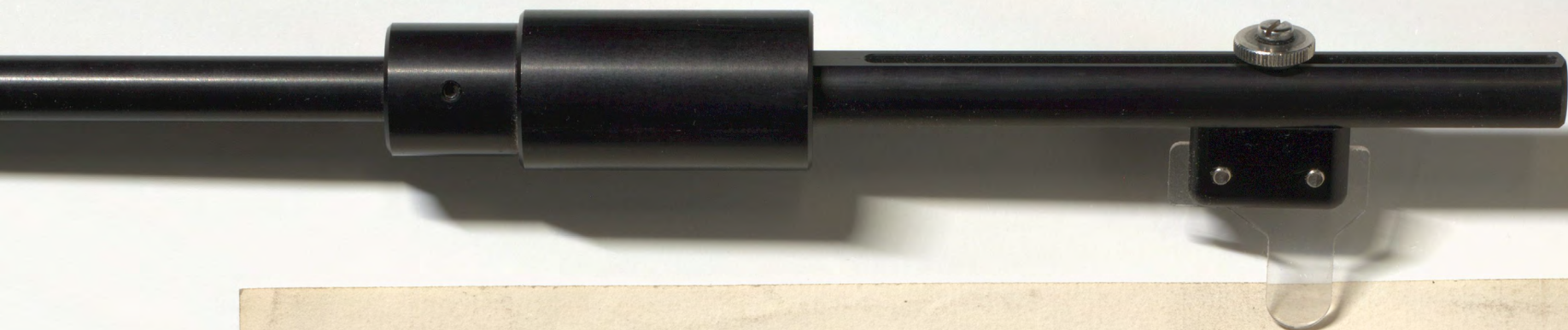
WHEN the right virtuous E.W. and
I were at the Emperor's Court
together, we gave our selves to
learn portman ship of John Pe-
the Poilland, one that with great
commendation had the place of
an Esquire in his Stable; and he according to
the fertility of the Italian wit, did not only
afford us the demonstration of his practice,
but sought to enrich our minds with the con-
templation therein, which he thought most
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Souldiers were the noblest estate of mankind,
and portmen the noblest of Souldiers. He said
they were the Masters of war, and ornaments
of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders,
triumphers both in Camps and Courts: nay, to
so



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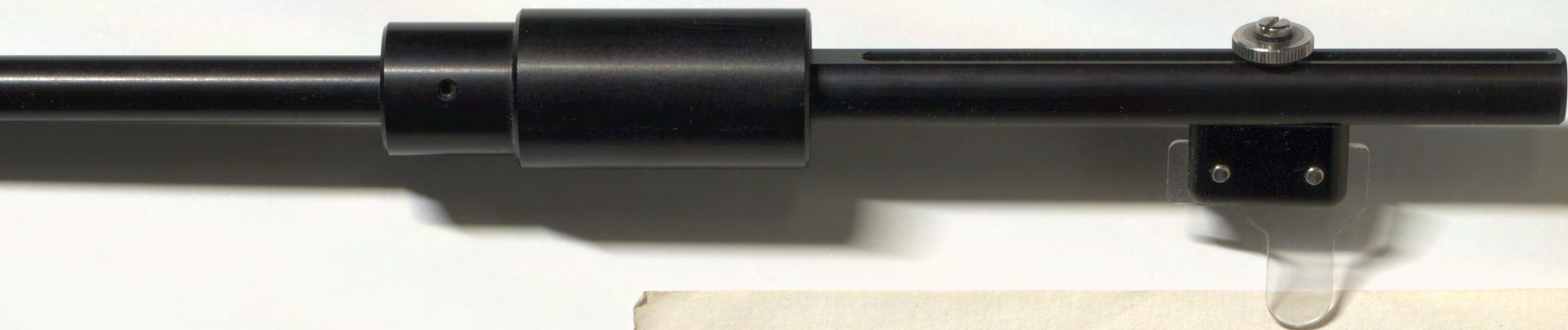
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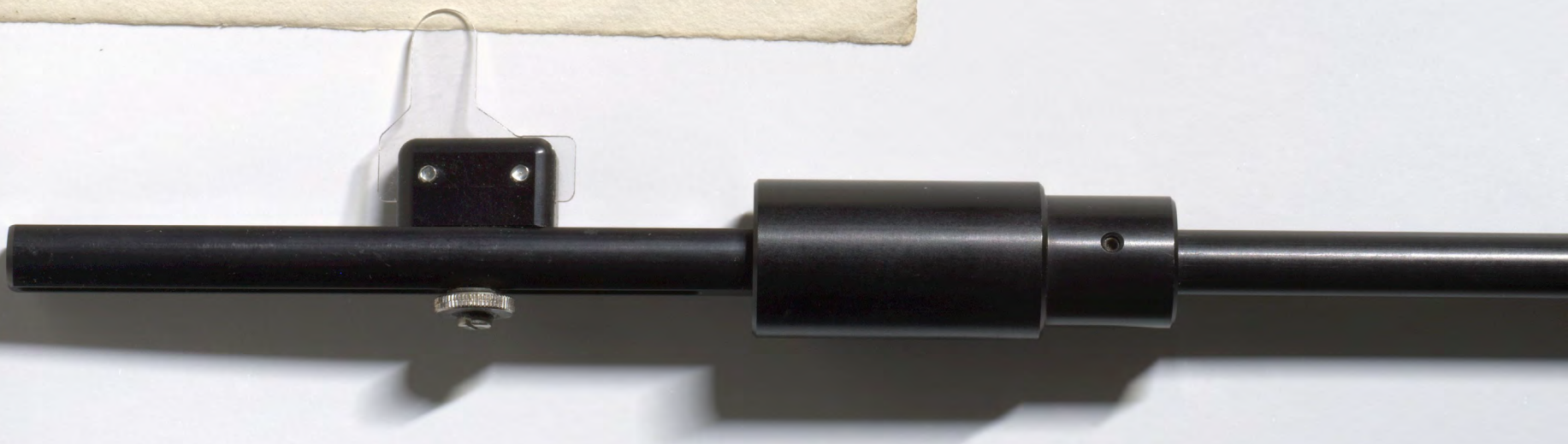
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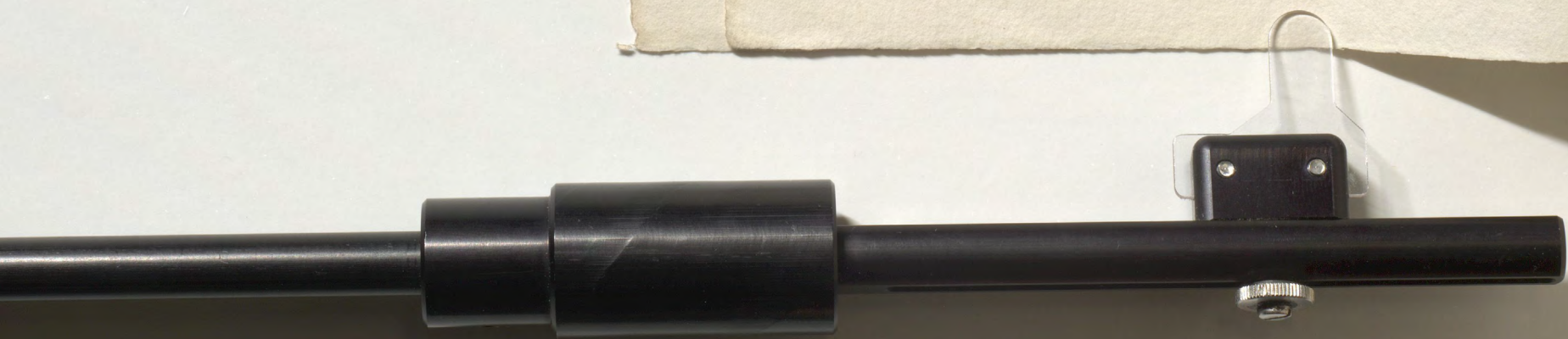


NOW, DERE FRENDE, before Matyns shall
thou thynke of the swete byrthe of JHESU
CRISTE. Thynke besyly the TYME and the
STEAD and the HOURE that He was born of
His modir MARYE. The TYME was myd-
winter when it was moste colde. The HOURE
was at mydnighte the hardeste houre that es.
The STEAD was in a house withouten walles.
In cloths was He wounden and in a crybbe
byfore an oxe and an asse that lovely lorde layde
was for there was no other stead voyde. And
here shall thou thynke of the keepynge of
MARYE, and of her CHILDE, and of her
Spouse JOSEPH what joy JHESU them sente.
Thou shall thynke also of the byrds that saw
the takyn of His byrthe and thou shall thynke
of the swete felachippe of angells and rayse up
thi herte and synge with them

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO



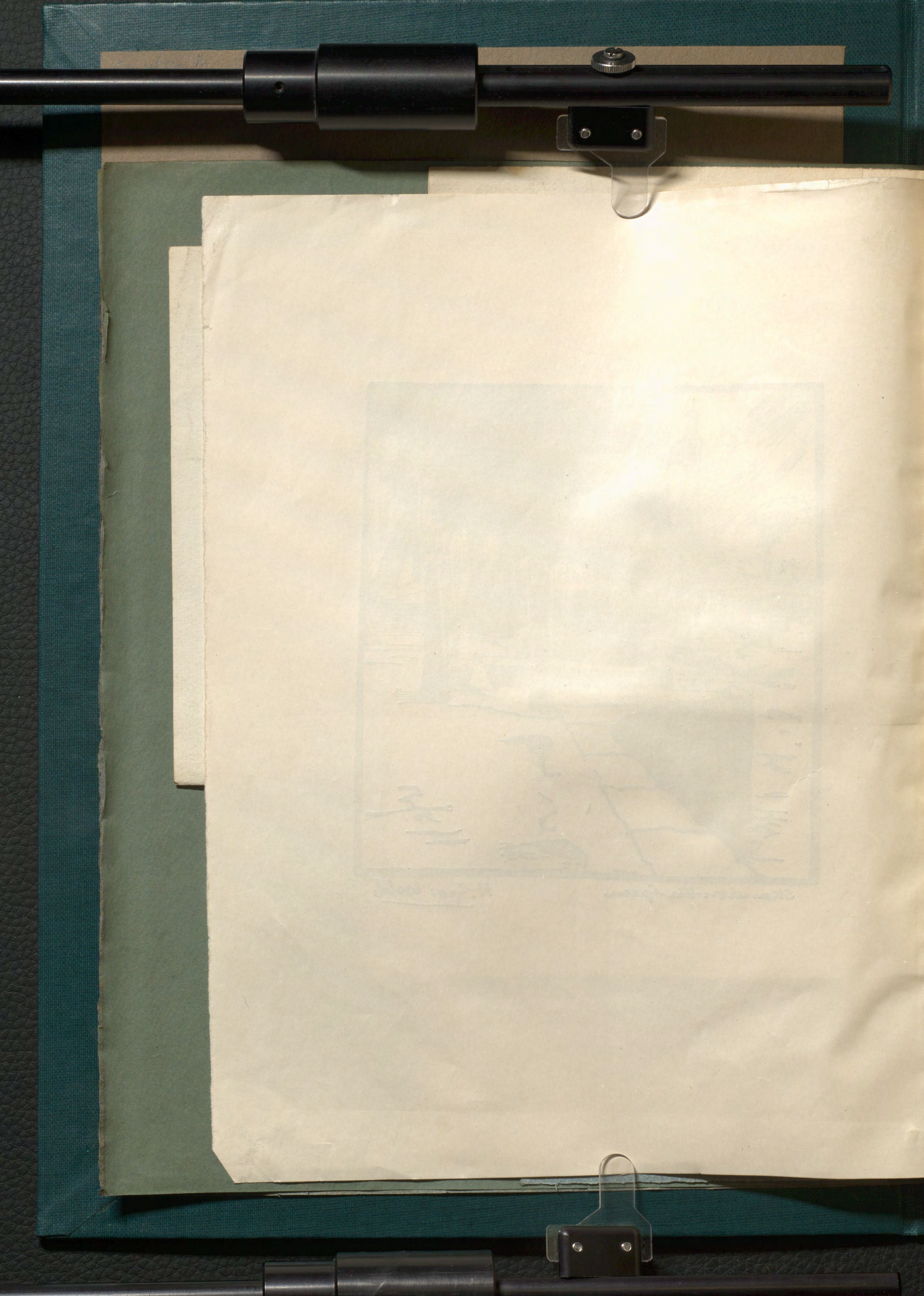




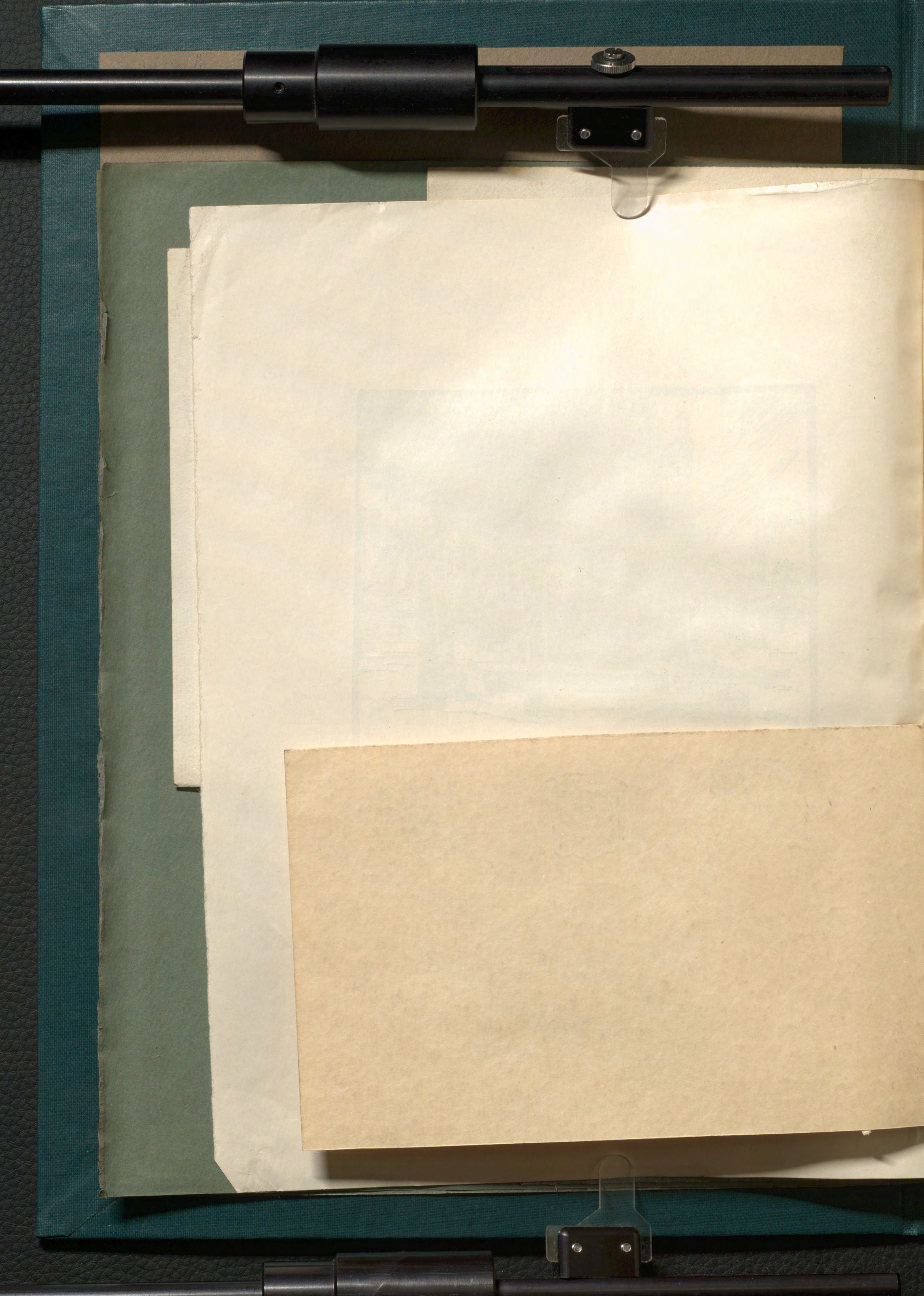


Stand on the Green

H. Geo. Webb







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English 11. Chapter 1. 1

Shakespeare



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1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28



SPRING and Summer nom are fled,
Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;
The leaves have laid aside their dress
And shivering stand in nakedness.
The river, late so strong and loud,
Lies silent 'neath its icy skroud.
The solemn hills, just capped with snow
Look down upon the vale below,
Where through the night of Winter sleep
The little seeds their vigil keep.

NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!

PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

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Red Stamp: MCCCLXXII

Handwritten: January Verse

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LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
 AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Handwritten: Chas. Webb



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

W^m Ghalpe

Wherefore let me intreat you to read it with
favour and attention and to pardon us wherein
we may seem to come short.

Ecclesiasticus

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Second Year

SECOND YEAR.

January Calendar

YOU may bar the castle gate
But you will not shut out Fate;
On the day that she is due,
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate;
Spite of strategem and plan,
She's a match for any man,
Even you.

JANUARY.				
S	6	13	20	27
M	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22
W	2	9	16	23
T	3	10	17	24
F	4	11	18	25
S	5	12	19	26

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Sept



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Colgate H. CHAPMAN F

June Calendar

7
 Rise up and climb, and thou
 mayst yet behold
 Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.



June

Oct.

THE path is wet with tears,
 Shed for the summer gone;
 From the sad trees, they one by one,
 Fall silently adown.
 Tears for the bright bays fled,
 Russet and gold, I see,
 And green the autumn's prophecy
 Of summers yet to be,
 Tears for the sad days past,
 Withered and brown and dead:
 Dead hopes like flowers lie buried fast
 Under the leafy bed.

FEBRUARY

WINTER

R005012

Here with is the jaw: here for
 1901. Composed today:
 Like mariners upon a sea
 Whose rocks & currents are unknown
 So in our earthly course are we
 By winds & tempests blown

Unfathomed depths below us lie
 Strewn with the wrecks of evil chance
 No star nor compass can avail
 In the strong tide of circumstance

Yet spite of all, to every man
 The pilot giveth this advice —
 Keep a stout heart & set thy sail
 For the safe port of Paradise

LIKE mariners upon a sea,
 Whose rocks and currents are unknown,
 So in our earthly course are we
 By winds and tempests blown.
 Unfathomed depths below us lie,
 Strewn with the wrecks of evil chance,
 No star nor compass can avail
 In the strong tide of circumstance.
 Yet spite of all, to every man,
 The pilot giveth this advice
 Keep a stout heart and set thy sail
 For the safe port of Paradise.

LET REASON go before every enterprise
and COUNSEL before every action
AND let the counsel of thine own heart
stand; for there is no man more faithful
unto thee than it
FOR A MAN'S MIND is sometime wont
to tell him more than seven watchmen that
sit above in an high tower.

Ecclesiasticus

ere with is the jaw: here for

1. Composed today:

Mariners upon a sea
no rocks & currents are unknown
nor rocky coasts are we
winds & tempests blow

2. Unknown depths below us lie
on with the wrecks of evil chance
star nor compass can avail
the strong tide of circumstance

3. In spite of all to every man
pilot giveth this advice —
a stout heart & set they sail
the safe port of Paradise

Sunday 5 P.M.
I have for auditing the bond
collects. I am really pleased
see it. I feel like you very
critical about it. I am sure
it is so square. The clasp is
not perfect not in the middle
but taking it altogether as you
say it is a delightful little
book. I don't want to part
with it. I like the design
& color of the clasp very
much; it must have been
very troublesome I am sure.
I will return it to you tomorrow
try to sell it — not less than
it ought to fetch 20 ps.
No one has touched the book
but me. One initial I
see is soiled in the binding
it must be touched up.
Love from all. J.

Collection M. CARRARO. F.

KALENDAR

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KALENDAR

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16 - 13 . 14

See xxxii

19

Let reason go before every Enterprise
 & counsel before every Action

And let the counsel of thine own
 heart stand; for there is no man
 more faithfull unto thee than it

For a man's mind is sometime
 wont to see him more than
 seven watchmen that sit above
 in an high tower -

Eclesiasticus

Wherefore let me intreat
you to read it with favour
and attention, & to pardon
us, wherein we may seem
to come short.

Protege to God.

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Calypso No. 1000000 F

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HE CARADOC KALENDAR

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The Caradoc Press
Chiswick

KALENDAR
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IRIKE mariners/upon/a/ sea,
Whose rocks and currents are unknown;
So in our earthly course are we
By winds and tempests d/own.

Unfathomed depths below us lie,
Strewn with the wrecks of evil chance,
No star nor compass can avail
In the strong tide of circumstance.

Yet spite of all, to every man,
The pilot giveth this advice
Keep a stout heart and set thy sail
For the safe port of Paradise.



ET neither time nor care be spared
For in the race of life, be sure
The winner is the best prepared.

*Who would ^{compete} with equal skill
Or hardships great, for long endure
Must strive with cheery courage, till
The goal be won.*

WEET register of all my vows,
In whom are written down
Such secrets, as would tempt a king
To sacrifice his crown.

Thou art my sunshine and delight,
The life and pulse of me,
My youth and health, and of my heart
Its golden treasury.



WEET register of all my vows,
In whom are written down
Such secrets, as would tempt a king
To sacrifice his crown.

Thou art my sunshine and delight,
The life and pulse of me,
My youth and health, and of my heart
Its golden treasury.

March.

S	2	9	16	23	30
M	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

Thou art my sunshine and delight,
The life and pulse of me,
My youth and health, and of my heart
Its golden treasury.

To sacrifice his crown.
Such secrets, as would tempt a king
In whom are written down
WHEAT register of all my vows

April.

S		6	13	20	27
M		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

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Collection 11. 1840-1850. F

THE eastern hill which hid the sun's approach
Is lit with glory as the day grows old.
So our grey youth, a steep and stony path,
Shews smooth and rosy in declining age.
No present is there, for enjoyment here
Life is all struggle or all retrospect.

June

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

NO sighing, no despair,
 No discontent or care,
 A morning face
 And heart of grace
 To meet the troubles of the day.

Though clouds obscure the sun
 Before the day is done,
 Do but thy part
 With earnest heart
 And light will last thee all the way.

LIKE the spires of a city
 Lie the shadows on the grass,
 Hollyhock and tall sunflower,
 Daisies for Saint Michael's mass
 Fairy looms are ever busy
 Fashioning a mantle grey,
 Spinning pearly silk, or weaving
 Silver shrouds for earth's decay

Along long road without an end;
 An unseen goal too far away to reach;
 A river whose glad song is never done;
 A closed book that holds a wondrous tale;
 A great white land, where all achieved lie
 The dreams that haunt today's uncertainty.
 To thy near shores our steps for ever tend,
 O sea unsailed-on and immaculate!

July

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

August

S	3	10	17	24	31
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

September

S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

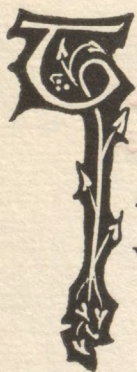
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Calypso II. C. 1840. 1841.



AIT not for scrip or staff,
No premium or wage;
Yet see thy clothing be what best
Suits a long pilgrimage.

Delay not, but set forth
Unbowed by any weight;
Who travel night and day
They only reach the Gate.



TOO late and dark it is to travel on
Along this valley drear;
Black is the starless sky where lately shone
The last moon of the year.

Alone I am, no guide to point my way,
No friend to answer me;
Yet on the hill-top of the coming day
A beacon fire I see.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER

M
D
CCCC
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OCTOBER

S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	



NOVEMBER

S	2	9	16	23	30
M	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

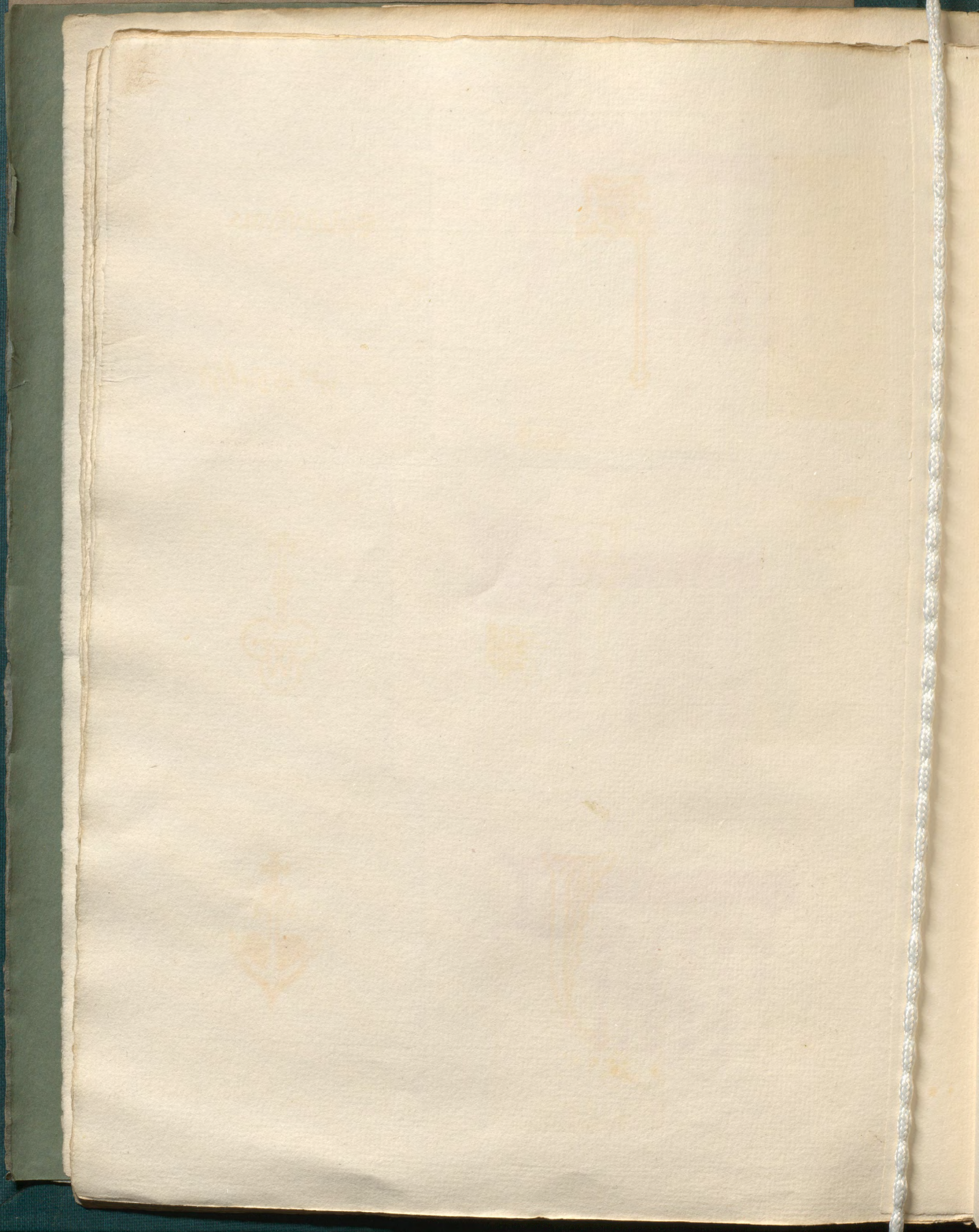


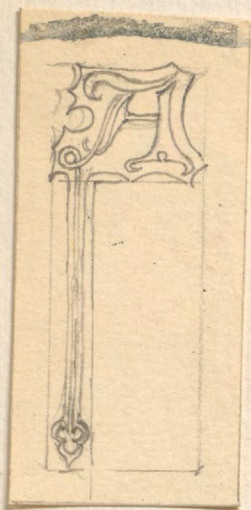
DECEMBER

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

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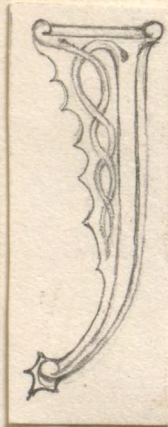
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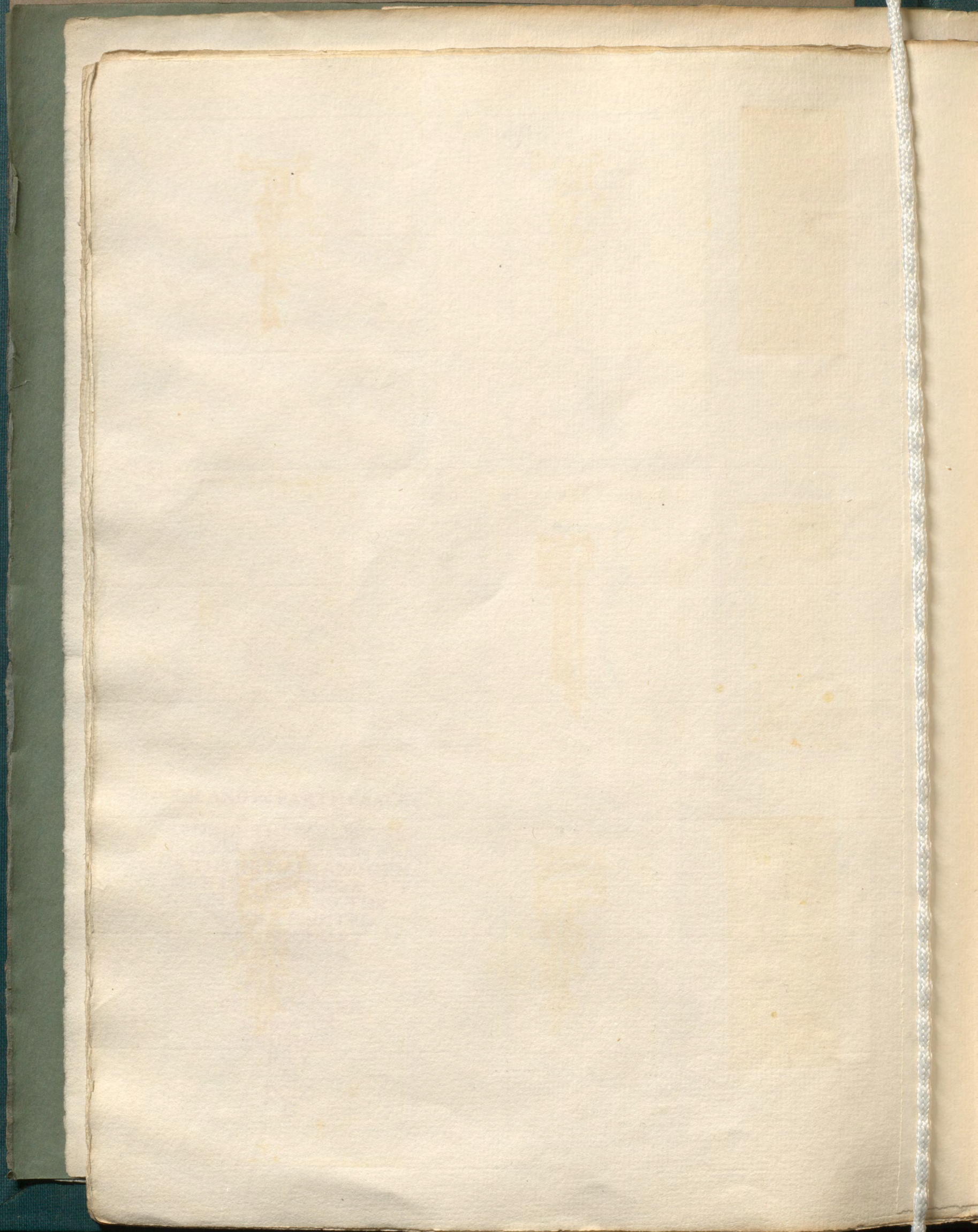


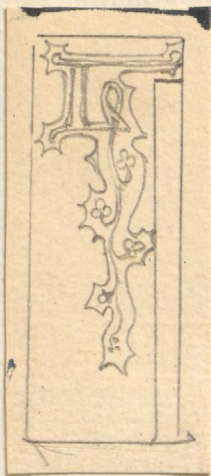
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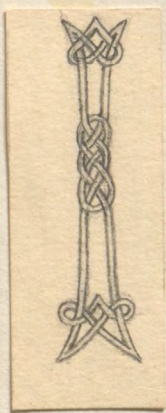
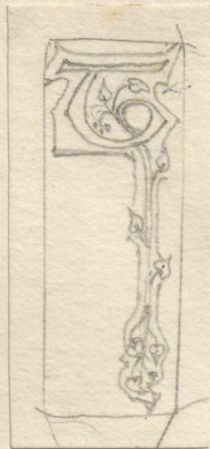
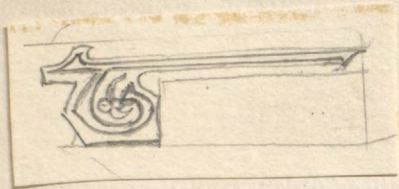
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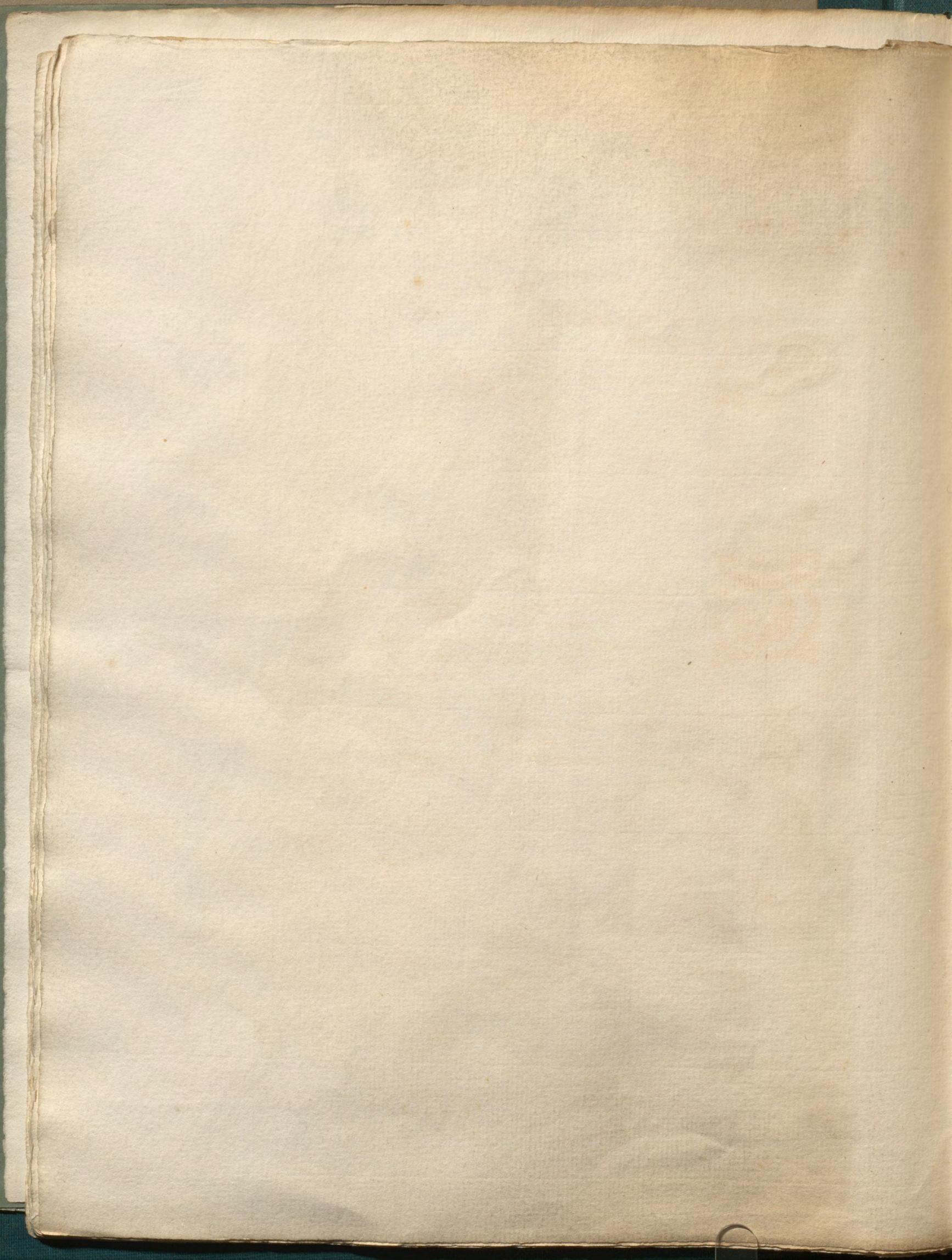
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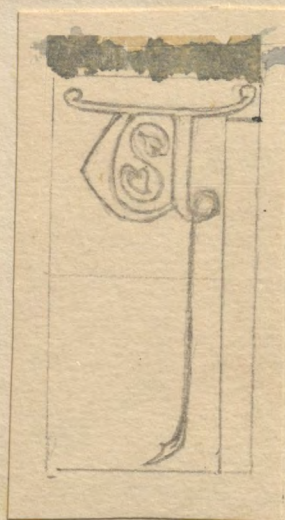
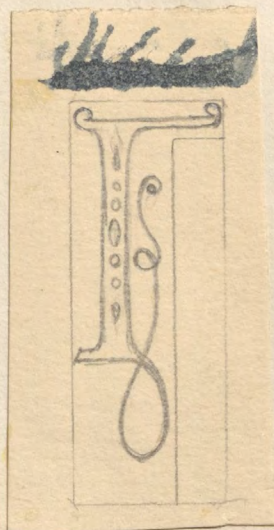
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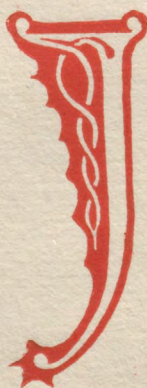
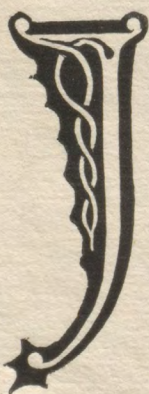
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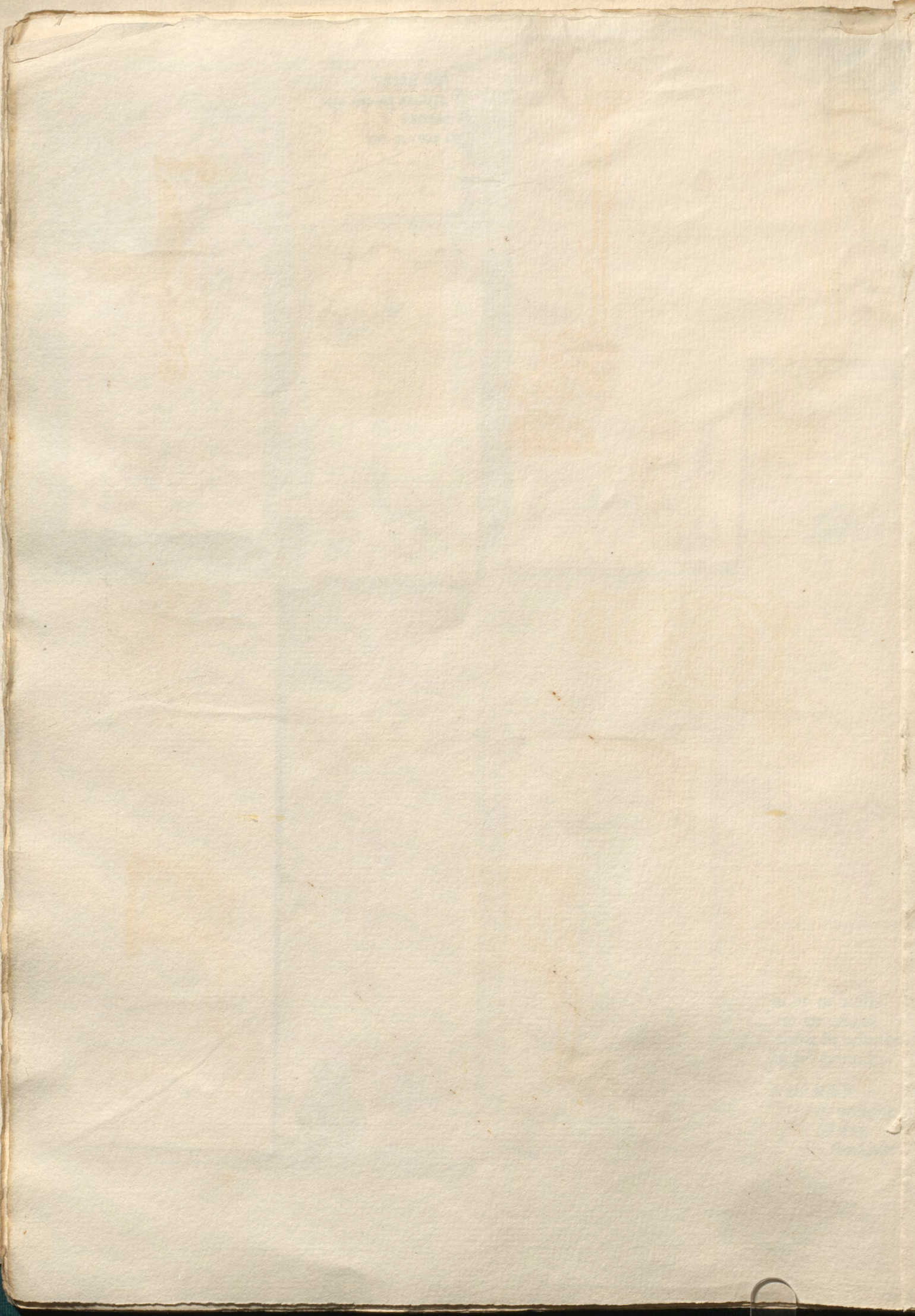
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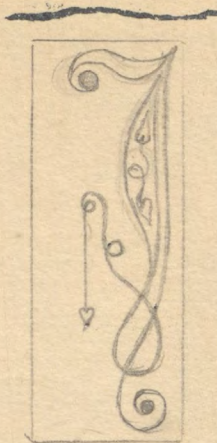


Columbus N. CARRASCO F.



Copy of the Charter of





Copy to Charles F.

so litel bill and say thow were
 this same day at myne up-Reysing
 where that I besought ~~the~~ god of merci
 thee to have my Souerein in his
 keeping.

li non fynde
JEWELS precious can I not finde *my Souerein*
 To sende you this Newe Yere's morowe,
 Wherefor for lucke and good hansselle
 My heart I sende you and praye *Seynt* Iohn
 That an C yeres without any sorowe
 Ye may live: I praye God *that ye so mote* ~~so ye maye~~
 And alle your Desires sende you hastily.

JEWELLIS precious can I non fynde to
 sende You my Souerein this Newe Yere
 morowe, Where-for for lucke and good
 hansselle my hert I sende you and praye
 Seynt Iohn that an C yeres withouton
 any sorowe Ye may live: I praye God
 that ye so mote and Alle your Desires
 sende you hastily. Beseching you Dere
 hert, as enterly as I can To take en gre
 this poure gifte onely for my sake as is
 the custome and hath ben many a Day
 One friend to another to yeve and take
 Riche is it not, grete boste of to make
 Naught save a hert that remembers You
 ever Til body and soule parte and dissevere.

Copy of the original F

In preparation

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A xv Century English poem.

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20 copies on Vellum

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

350 copies on paper

20 copies on Vellum

THE COMMUNION SERVICE

Uniform with "The Collects"

350 copies on paper

20 copies on Vellum

5 copies Illuminated by hand

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H. D. and H. G. Webb.

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initial 35 shillings*

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All the initials and ornaments are printed from the wood blocks which are designed and engraved *by us.*

T/-w/ and the type set and the books printed and completely turned out *by us.* An endeavour is made to keep the decoration of each book distinct and appropriate, and as far as possible singular to the book treated.

The materials used are the best obtainable. The paper is a pure English Hand made/comes from the mill at where the Kelmscott Press paper was made for Mr. Morris.

without outside help

and

work

copy of the original F

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB
& THE BEDFORD PARK AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB

Many friends and neighbours of MR & MRS GRAYSON have expressed the desire that before they leave Bedford Park, an opportunity might be afforded of a more or less informal leave-taking, and at the same time some slight token should be presented to them expressive of good will for the many and continuous acts of kindness and cooperation they have always afforded during their residence amongst us. All members of The Club and The Dramatic Club are fully cognisant how much they are indebted for the great help MR and MRS GRAYSON have at all times rendered. The committees of these two Clubs have therefore readily acceded to the request made to them to lay the matter before the members with a view to their cooperation.

With the desire of enabling all to join in the suggestion, a limit of five shillings has been placed to each individual subscription.

As we are anxious to complete arrangements at an early date, should you desire to associate yourself with the matter would you kindly sign and return enclosed before the 3rd: of March.

H. UNWIN

Hon: Sec: The Club

A. D. FRASER

Hon: Sec: B P A D Club

Feb: 21 1902



O H. UNWIN
& A. D. FRASER
1. Newton Grove
Bedford Park Chiswick.

Please add my name as a subscriber for shillings
for the purpose of your letter of Feb ; 21st ; for which I
enclose

Name

Address

Colony 11. CACABOS. F

Having of the pockets and the like, and
 the clothes on the dresser.)
 Peter. (getting up and taking the bag in his
 band and turning out the money.)
 Yes, I made the bargain well for you
 Michael. Old John Cahel would
 sooner have kept a share of this a
 while longer. Let me keep the half
 of it till the first boy is born, says
 he. You will not, says I. Whether
 there is or is not a boy, the whole
 hundred pounds must be in Michael's
 hands before he brings your daughter
 in the house. The wife spoke to
 him then, and he gave in at the end.
 Bridget, You seem well pleased to hand-
 ling the money, Peter.
 Peter. Indeed I wish I had had the luck to
 get a hundred pounds, or twenty
 pounds itself, with the wife I married.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ
 PETER GILLANE,
 Michael's son, going to be
 married.
 PATRICK GILLANE, a lad of twelve,
 Michael's brother.
 BRIDGET GILLANE, Peter's wife.
 DELIA CAHEL, engaged to Michael.
 THE POOR OLD WOMAN.
 NEIGHBOURS.

Peter. It's likely Michael himself was not
 thinking much of the fortune either,
 but of what sort the girl was to look
 at.

Michael. (coming over towards the table)
 Well, you would like a nice comely
 girl to be beside you and to go walk-
 ing with you. The fortune only
 lasts for a while but the woman will
 be there always.

Patrick. (turning round from the window)
 They are cheering again down in
 the town. May be they are landing
 horses from Enniscrone. They do
 be cheering when the horses take the
 water well.

Michael. There are no horses in it. Where
 would they be going and no fair at
 hand? Go down to the town Patrick,
 and see what is going on.

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN
 A PLAY IN ONE ACT AND
 IN PROSE BY W B YEATS



PRINTED AT THE CARADOC
 PRESS CHISWICK FOR A H
 BULLEN 18 CECIL COURT LON
 DON MDCCCCII

"Young she is, and fair she is, and would be
crowned a queen,
Were the King's son at home here with
Kathaleen-Ny-Houlahan!"

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM ROONEY

Bridget. Well, if I didn't bring much I didn't
get much. What had you the day I
married you but a flock of hens and
you feeding them, and a few lambs
and you driving them to the market
at Ballina (she is vexed and bangs
a jug on the dresser) if I brought no
fortune I worked it out in my bones,
laying down the baby, Michael that
is standing there now, on a stock of
straw, while I dug the potatoes and
never asking big dresses or anything
but to be working.

Peter. That is true indeed. (he pats her arm)
Bridget. Leave me alone now till I ready the
house for the woman that is to come
into it.

Peter. You are the best woman in Ireland,
but money is good too. (he begins
handling the money again, and sits

10

down) I never thought to see so
much money between my four walls.
We can do great things now we have
it. We can take the ten acres of land
we have a chance of since Jamsie
Dempsey died and stock it. We will
go to the fair of Ballina to buy the
stock. Did Delia ask any of the
money for her own use, Michael?

Michael. She did not indeed. She did not
seem to take much notice of it or to
look at it at all.

Bridget. That's no wonder. Why would
she look at it when she had yourself
to look at, a fine strong young man,
it is proud she must be to get you;
a good steady boy that will make
use of the money and not be running
through it or spending it on drink
like another.

Bridget. I suppose the boys must be having some sport of their own. Come over here, Peter and look at Michael's wedding clothes.

Peter. (shifts his chair to table) Those are grand clothes indeed.

Bridget. You hadn't clothes like that when you married me, and no coat to put on on a Sunday any more than any other day.

Peter. That is true indeed. We never thought a son of our own would be wearing a suit of that sort on his wedding or have so good a place to bring his wife to.

Patrick. (who is still at the window) There's an old woman coming down the road. I don't know is it here she is coming?

Bridget. It will be a neighbour coming to

hear about Michael's wedding. Can you see who it is?

Patrick. I think it is a stranger, but she's not coming to the house. She's turned into the gap that goes down to where Murteen and his sons are shearing their sheep. (He turns towards them) Do you remember what Winny of the Cross Roads was saying the other night about the strange woman that goes through the country whatever time there's war or trouble coming?

Bridget. Don't be bothering us about Winny's talk but go and open the door for your brother. I hear him coming up the path.

Peter. I hope he has brought Delia's fortune with him safe, for fear her people might go back on the bargain

Peter. Time enough, time enough, you have always your head full of plans, Bridget. We will be well able to give him learning, and not to send him tramp- ing the country like a poor scholar that lives on charity. Michael. They're not done cheering yet. (He goes over to the window and stands there for a moment putting up his hand to shade his eyes.) Bridget. Do you see anything? Michael. I see an old woman coming up the path. Bridget. Who is it I wonder. It must be the strange woman Peter saw awhile ago. Michael. I don't think it's one of the neighbours anyway, but she has her cloak over her face.

Patrick. (opens the door to go out but stops for a moment on the threshold) Will Delia remember do you think to bringing the greyhound pup she promised me when she would be coming to the house?

Michael. She will surely.

(Patrick goes out.)

Peter. It will be Patrick's turn next to be looking for a fortune: but he won't find it so easy to get it and he with no place of his own.

Bridget. I do be thinking sometimes, now things are going so well with us, and the Cahels such a good back to us in the district, and Delia's own uncle a priest, we might be put into the way of making Patrick a priest someday, and he so good at his books.

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN



SCENE Interior of a cottage close to Killala, in 1798. Bridget is standing at a table undoing a parcel. Peter is sitting at one side of the fire, Patrick at the other.

Peter. What is that sound I hear?

Patrick. I don't hear anything (He listens) I hear it now. It's like cheering. (He goes to the window and looks out). I wonder what they are cheering about. I don't see anybody,

Peter. It might be a hurling match.

Patrick. There's no hurling today. It must be down in the town the cheering is.

and I after taking it. Trouble enough I had in making it. (Patrick opens the door and Michael comes in)

Bridget. What kept you, Michael? We were looking out for you this long time.

Michael. I went round by the priest's house to bid him be ready to marry us tomorrow.

Bridget. Did he say anything?

Michael. He said it was a very nice match, and that he was never better pleased to marry any two in his parish than myself and Delia Cahel.

Peter. Have you got the fortune, Michael?

Michael. Here it is. (he puts bag on table and goes over and leans against chimney jamb)

Bridget. (who has been examining the clothes pulling the seams and trying the

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Colgate 11. CHARLES E.

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Colgate 10. 1840. 10. 1840. 10. 1840.

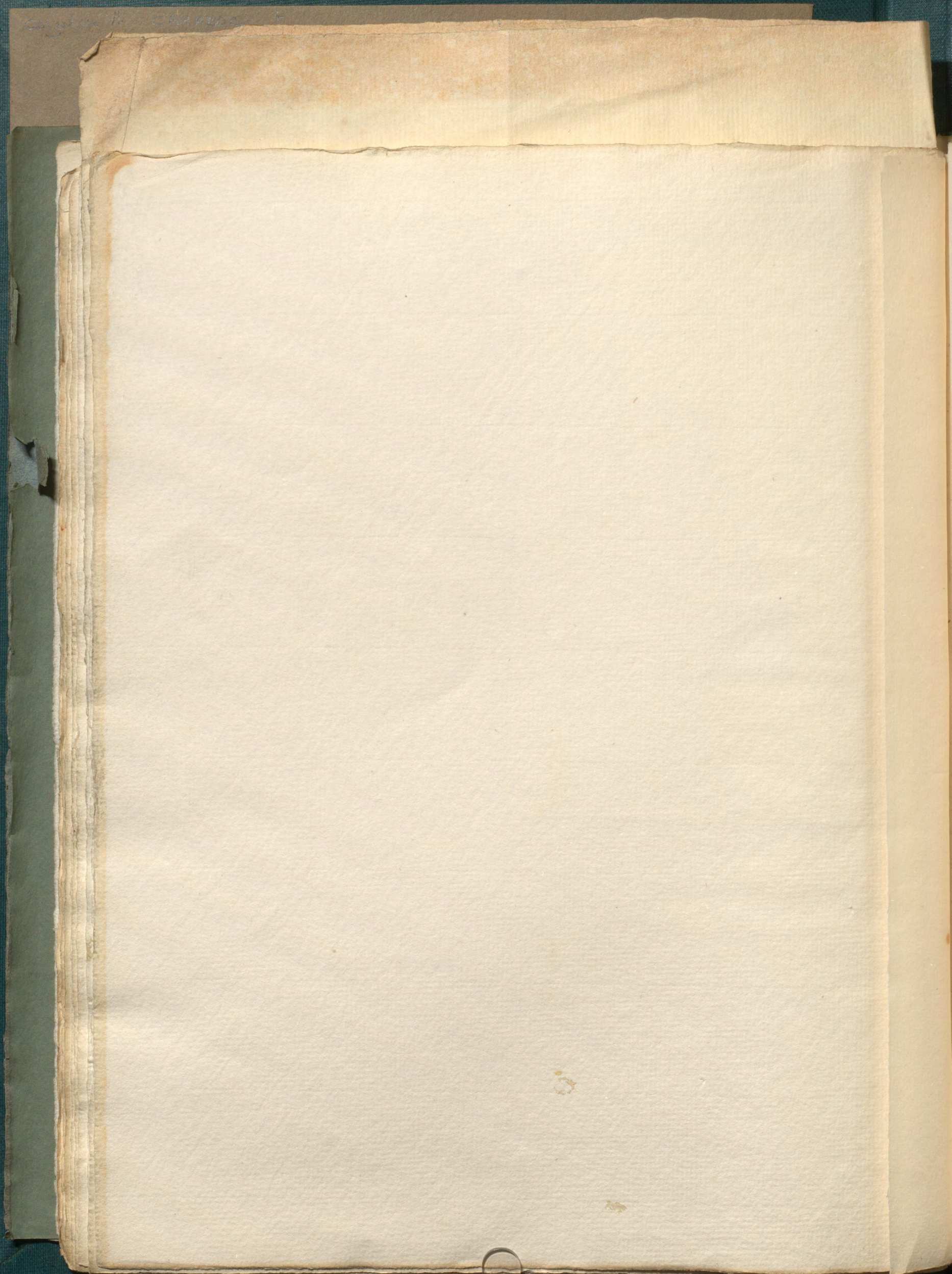
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H. Geo. Webb

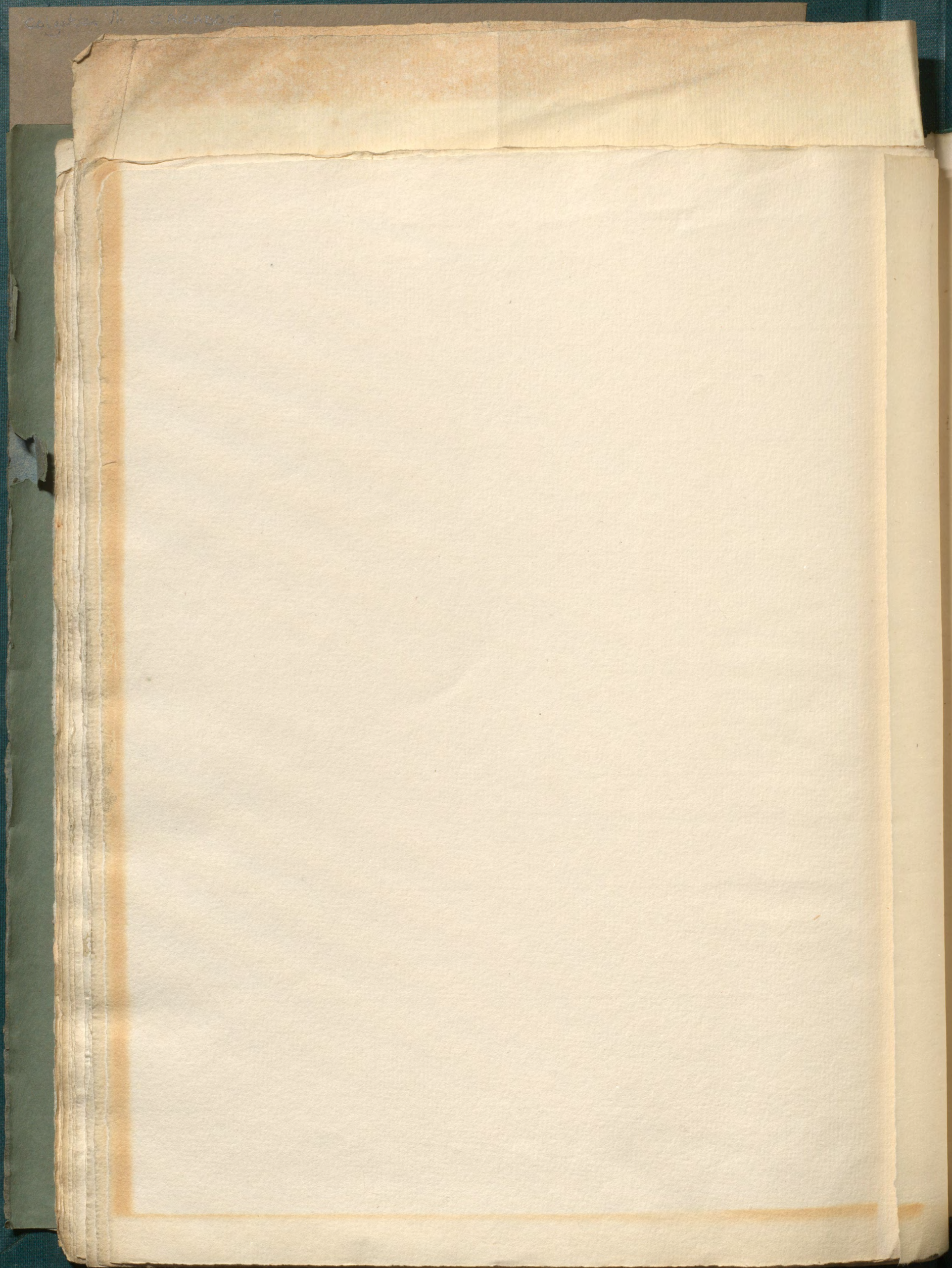
O. Goldsmith
by Sir J. R.

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Chapter II. CHANGES. F.



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